



A KNIGHT OF THE CROSS

Four Lessons on
SAM POLLARD OF YUNNAN
for Scholars between eight and twelve.

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FOREWORD ON YUNNAN

The Epic Story of Yunnan—with which the name of Sam Pollard is forever linked—will be told as long as Missionary Romance is cherished by the Church.

In these study lessons, Miss Blumer has carefully directed the thoughts of teachers and students to the story and its sources. It is confidently hoped that her labour of love will lead to a harvest of joy.

AVAILABLE LITERATURE.

THE STORY OF THE MIAO. S. Pollard. Hooks, 2/6.

TIGHT CORNERS IN CHINA. S. Pollard. Hooks, 2/6.

UNKNOWN CHINA. S. Pollard. Seeley, Service & Co., 25/-

SAMUEL POLLARD. W. A. Grist. Hooks, 7/6.

FIRST LESSON.

A Knight of the Cross.

*Based on Chaps. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 in "Samuel Pollard,"
and Chap. 2 in "Tight Corners in China."*



For the Training Class.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF CHINA.

ANY good geography book will give the information necessary for the background of these lessons.

For the more detailed description needful for S.W. China, see suggested list of books, especially "The Story of the Miao," also "Life of Sam Pollard," pages 32-84. Papers might also be written, followed by discussion on "The Value of Missionary Work."

NOTE.—Wherever possible, Missionary Study Circles should be held, as well as the weekly Training Class, to discuss the work and problems facing our missionaries in Yunnan to-day. Every teacher ought to know the situation, as it is at the present time.

Bible Reading: Matt. x. 16-28, 38-42.

Golden Text: Joshua i. 9.

Aim: To show the response of a knightly soul to the call of God.

Supplemental Talk.

Have a clear outline map of China, showing principal rivers, mountains, the Provinces of Yunnan, Kweichow,

and the places mentioned in the story. Let the children tell what they know of China, bringing out by questions what they know of its (1) immensity; (2) physical features; (3) enormous population—Yellow Race. Give a more particular description of the Yangtze ("Son of the Sea"), rising in the mighty mountains of Tibet, and flowing between three and four thousand miles to the sea. Steamers can travel up to I'Chang, a thousand miles from Shanghai, but beyond there the journey must be done in house boats. The description of the river, the mode of travel, etc., are found in Chapter 1 in "The Story of the Miao."

Lesson Story.

Introduction.—Talk about King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, who lived at Camelford. What kind of men were the Knights? What had they to promise to do? Live pure, brave, helpful lives, right wrong, be fearless, just and self-controlled. To-day tell story of another Knight of Camelford.

The Preparation of Knighthood.

In the little town of Camelford, one spring day, when all the world was fresh and beautiful, with bursting bud and leaf, joy entered into one of the cottage homes, with the coming of a Baby Boy. Surely, thought the proud mother, never had there been a sweeter, dearer baby, as she held him close, and dreamed dreams of all he might become. And as young Sam Pollard (for that was his name) grew from babyhood to boyhood, those prayers and dreams from a father's and mother's heart encircled and influenced him in a way he never realized. There was plenty of love, but very little money in the home, and Sam very soon had to share with his five brothers and sisters, and learn also to go without. He was a sensitive little fellow, with a vivid imagination, but overflowing with happiness and fun, so that he was nicknamed "Amiability." Sam's father was a Methodist preacher, and so before long they left Camelford and went to other places to live. The stuff that knights are made of was already vividly present in the boy's nature, and

when only eleven years old, Sam knew that he wanted to be a Knight of Jesus Christ.

When Sam was twelve he was sent to the boarding school at Shebbear, and spent five happy years there. He was a clever boy, but fond of a lark, and his strong vein of humour made him very popular. He never forced his religion on other boys, but all knew where he stood, and every night before going to bed he read his "portion." The time came, however, when having brilliantly passed his Civil Service Examinations, he left school, and in 1881 went to take up work at the Post Office Savings Bank in London. But the humdrum, monotonous life of office work could never satisfy the adventure-loving heart of young Sam. The young Knight was only waiting for the call of the King, to a life of venture and service.

Off to the Unknown.

It was just about this time that Sam's heart was fired by the news that two friends had offered to go out to Yunnan, the largest and most needy unoccupied district in China, as "Knights of the Cross." The picture of China's need haunted him, and when presently God's call came, this young Knight was willing and eager; and having obtained permission from his parents, he offered himself for Yunnan. As he left the Civil Service behind, and blithely faced the unknown future, his heart sang for joy at the glorious possibilities before him.

About the same time his chum, Frank Dymond, also heard the call. On January 27th, 1887, these two young men went out into the Unknown, their faces alight with the promise of the future, their minds full of the romance and adventure of life, prepared to die, if need be, in the cause of the King. At length they reached the mouth of the great Yangtze, with its vast, yellow, muddy waters, and soon found themselves established in the Training College for missionaries at Ganking. With the assistance of the barber and tailor they were quickly transformed into Chinamen. If only they could have learnt the language by such a magic touch! It

was hard work, the mastery of that most difficult of all languages, and often to the eager hearts of the two Knights the time seemed long. At last the day arrived, when in company with Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone, they set off up the "Son of the Sea" into the unknown. In their hearts was the prayer, "God make us real—real, solid men, braving anything." Little did they know how soon the test of bravery would come!

The First Adventure.

Their journey lay 700 miles up the great river, to Hankow by steamer, and then by smaller house boat to Chunking. At first, after leaving Hankow, for many miles the yellow waters showed their happiest moods to them, and they looked forward to six delightful weeks of holiday. After travelling for some days, they left behind them the broad, smiling, fertile land on either side of the river and found themselves surrounded by dark, frowning hills. Then the boat swept into a great gorge with steep cliffs on either side. As they went farther on among the mountains they saw the water getting more and more swift and the hills becoming higher and more rugged. They were eagerly on the look out for the Rapids, and when these were reached, enjoyed the thrill of the rushing waters. At length, just before Christmas, they reached the famous Ch'in T'an Rapid, one of the largest over which boats could go on the Yangtze. The two young men were keenly interested in all the preparations being made for pulling the boat over the dangerous spot. On the shore stood the men, waiting for the signal when the boat would bound into the current and the fight with the cruel water would begin. The signal was given, the bamboo rope twisted and creaked, the fight had begun. Around them on the jagged rocks could be seen the remains of many a wreck. All seemed to be going well, as inch by inch the men dragged the boat along.

At length Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone and Pollard returned to the little cabin, leaving Dymond still sitting on the bow. Hardly had they entered the cabin when the current turned the head of the boat round and she struck

on a rock at the right. The boat rebounded and turned over on her side, and with a rush in came the water. Then there was a sound of feet as the men on board tried to keep the balance of the boat. The next moment the water came rushing into the cabin, and each knew they must fight for their lives. Pollard crept inch by inch towards the door, but the waters drove him back until he found he could get neither forward or backward. Yet there was no fear in his heart. "God who has called us to be missionaries in West China, won't let us drown here," was his thought. The next instant there came a change. That fierce, angry river got its teeth into the boat and tore it like matchwood, tossing oars, masts and sails into the boiling foam. Thus they all found themselves in the grip of the terrible waters. In the whirling, rushing river they managed to clutch hold of some wreckage and so keep afloat. To swim in that current, clothed in long, wadded Chinese gowns which sucked them down terribly, was almost an impossibility. "But terrible as the fierce River was, there was one more powerful, and though they did not see Him walk on the waters toward them, they knew He was there. As they clung to the wreckage, the welcome sound of men on the shore shouting, "The Red Boat! The Red Boat!" came to their ears. And soon two Red Boats were putting off towards the scene of the disaster. How they strained at the oars! And how anxiously those struggling in the water waited for their coming! At length they drew near and Pollard and Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone were lifted into safety. Dymond had dived off the end of the boat as she overturned, and had been able to swim down stream and soon was picked up by one of the Red Boats. That night sitting round a little fire up in a loft, dressed in odd clothes belonging to the Chinese (for they had lost most of their luggage) they sang hymns of praise to God for His great deliverance.

Still Onward.

Before many days had passed they were once more fighting their way up the river. On and on for another fortnight, until they reached Chunking, when they gladly

said good-bye to the "Son of the Sea." But their adventures were not at an end, for another month the two men with one pony and some coolies journeyed to Yunnan. Over the mountains, down in the valleys, fording rivers and along precipices where one false step would have meant certain death, they rode and tramped. "And so they reached the best of all Fairy-lands, Yunnan, the land of sunshine and flowers, of mighty mountains and great snows, of brilliant stars and lovely clouds," the land of their hopes and dreams for the Crusade of the King.

Expression.—(1) Find, copy out and learn Isaiah xliii. 1-3. (2) Draw a map of China, putting in the great rivers, the Tibetan hills and places mentioned in the story.



Order of Worship.

*All hymns except where specified are from the
United Methodist School Hymnal.*

Troait - "Jesu, stand among us" No 128.

Hymn - "All people that on earth do dwell." No. 123.

Bible Reading - Matthew x. 16-28, 38-42.

Prayer of thanksgiving for all heroic disciples who have
"taken up the Cross," and for strength and grace
that we too may become true followers.

Hymn - "Courage, brother! do not stumble." No. 590.

Supplemental Talk.

Hymn - "I sing the Almighty Power of God."
No. 73 (Sunday School Hymnary).

or,

"From the eastern mountains." No. 486.

Offertory.

Offertory Prayer.

Lesson and Expression.

Summary.

Hymn - "Father, lead me day by day." No 161.

or,

"Fight the good fight." No. 384.

Prayer.

SECOND LESSON.

The Crusade for the King.

*Based on Chaps. 2, 3, 4 and 5 of "The Story of the Miao,"
and Chap. 3 of "Tight Corners in China."*



For the Training Class.

NOSU AND MIAO.

THE many tribes (not Chinese) in West China have been divided by Mr. Pollard into two or at the most three races: Nosu, Miao and Shan. The latter live in the west of Yunnan and Burma. The Nosu are all over Yunnan, a part of Kweichow and the west of Szechuan. The Miao are found all over Kweichow, parts of Yunnan and a few places in Szechuan. One very interesting and unique thing about the Nosu is that they possess a written language. This, like the Chinese, is composed of ideographs, each of which represents an idea. Where these ideographs came from is a debatable point. Some think they could not have been adapted from the Chinese, as that would show they were on a higher intellectual level, whereas they are so much simpler. The books are nearly all in the form of manuscript, and are handed down from father to son, but apart from the wizards very few are able to read them.

The early history of these races is clothed in mystery and legend. Everything, however, tends to show that they are among the aboriginals of China. In an ancient history of China it is recorded that 4,000 years ago the Miao were driven into the provinces of Kiangsi and Hunan, and since that time gradually those who have not been absorbed by the conquering race, despised, ill-treated and robbed by the Chinese, have withdrawn to their present home in the hills. The Nosu may probably have come from Tibet. Just as the Anglo-Saxons drove back the Celts into the hills of Wales and Cornwall, so the Miao and Nosu have been driven into the mountains of South-West China.

The Nosu are tall, straight-featured, fairish people, and a race of warriors. They live under the feudal system, and are divided into three classes: The Earth Eyes, or princes, the Black Bloods or serfs, and the Lower or White Nosu or slaves, who at the end of several generations of good service are sometimes freed and become serfs. "The majority of the land is in the hands of the Earth Eyes, who, where they have submitted to the Chinese Government, pay the usual land tax to the local mandarin. Generally the Earth Eyes retain a part of the land for their own immediate use. Of the remainder, part is rented out to tenants and the rest apportioned at a nominal rental to the Black Bloods." These Black Bloods, in return for their land, must put their lives and services at the disposal of the overlords, who sometimes rule them with a rod of iron. Nearly all the Earth Eyes and Black Bloods keep a number of White Blood or Lower Nosu retainers. Some of these are slaves, with their property, persons and family at the absolute disposal of their masters. "The retainers again have portions of land assigned to them, and pay for this land in personal service. They also have to hold themselves in readiness to respond to their lord's call, and to fight for him, and lay down their lives if necessary. In addition to military service, they have to help farm the overlord's land, and provide so much firewood for him each year and so many pigs, sheep and fowls for his lord's table." The slaves are the household servants of the Nosu and Black Bloods. Sometimes their lot is fairly comfortable, but often the stories of some are too terrible to be written down.

The Miao form a very large part of the tenants and slaves of the Earth Eyes, cultivating their own and their lord's land and giving service wherever required. They are more numerous than the Nosu but inferior in culture and possessions. They are simple, ignorant, yet attractive and winsome children of nature, and though their civilisation is below that of the Chinese, they possess many fine qualities the latter lack. They have never adopted the cruel custom of footbinding, infanticide is almost unknown, beggars, the curse of all Chinese towns,

are rare owing to their communal system, and they have almost escaped the awful opium curse. Their two great evils, which they practise to an unbelievable degree, are drinking and immorality. They are a pastoral as well as an agricultural people. Day by day the women and children lead the goats and cattle up the mountain sides and bring them home again at night. The men delight in hunting and the chase. The Miao have no temples or idols, but believe in a good spirit, Ntzee-fang-lao, and in the power of very many evil ones. Such were the people among whom the Knight was to win his spurs.

Bible Reading : Isaiah lv.

Golden Text : Isaiah lv. 5.

Aim : To show the power of the Knight's weapon—the Name of Jesus.

Supplemental Talk. Nosu and Miao.

Adapt the above notes for the Training Class, bringing out the Nosu and Miao tribes and their connection with each other, through the feudal system, and their ancient legendary history. Leave the description of Miao village life till next week.

Lesson Story. The Coming of the Scouts.

"Four men to see you, Teacher!" commonplace words, and yet how full of possibilities. In another moment from the upper part of the courtyard, Mr. Pollard looked at his visitors as he advanced to meet them. They were Miao dressed as Chinese with bags of oatmeal on their shoulders, and looked very tired and shy as Pollard welcomed them. Then the spokesman told the story of how they had heard of Je-su (Jesus, pronounced Yea-soo), and had come to find the missionary who knew about Him. Yes, they had journeyed over 200 miles to hear of Him. Room was found for them in an empty school-room, and they stayed for four days, until their supply of oatmeal was nearly exhausted, while Pollard told them for the first time the stories of Jesus, and gave them the stories in Chinese to read. How their faces brightened as he told them of the father-mother love of God. Was

it possible that Je-su could be a friend to the Miao? The next week five more came, and the following day another thirteen. The thirteen said they were scouts come to open the way for the thousands in the hills who wanted to come and hear about Je-su. It was slow work teaching them, as the missionaries knew no Miao, and all they said had to be translated. By the end of a month eighty had come, some from away among the hills, walking as far as they could throughout the day and sleeping under the stars wrapped in their cloaks at night. Over the mountain passes, across the swollen streams, through rain and sunshine they came with the cry, "Give us books and teach us about Jesus."

A Hungry Army.

A month went by, and then they came like an army. It was not a case of five or six a day, but sometimes as many as a hundred or two hundred, and even up to four hundred. Every afternoon, down the street outside Mr. Pollard's house, came a long single file of men who swung in through the gates of the courtyard, slipped their bags of oatmeal from their shoulders and squatted down inside the courtyard. They had come to stay, not for a few hours, but to sleep. As early as five o'clock in the morning they were reading their books, shouting the words out loud as the Chinese do, and this went on till one or even two o'clock the next morning. Imagine the noise of them! Wherever you went they were there, in the kitchen, the study, the chapel, the schoolrooms, on the steps, even in the stable, morning, noon and night they were there. "Please, Teacher, what is this word?" was their constant cry. Every evening a service was held, and, after a few weeks, they were able to hear the story told in their own tongue as Mr. Pollard gradually mastered the language. The strain was tremendous, and Mr. Pollard was in serious danger of a very bad breakdown, but there was no getting away from them. One afternoon, Mrs. Pollard persuaded him to go to his bedroom and lie down, promising to keep the people away. After a time she went to see if he was asleep, and found to her amazement a dozen Miao sitting round his bed

having the time of their lives, with the teacher all alone. They had climbed on to the balcony and searched every room till they found him.

The Enemy Attack.

As was natural, all this could not go on without the people in Chao Tong and the neighbourhood talking and wondering. At first it was pure curiosity, but as the crowds grew bigger the people said, "The Miao are going to rebel and the foreigners are helping them. They will murder us all! The foreigners are giving them poison with which to poison the wells so we shall all die." It was only whispered in the homes at first, then it spread to the market-places till everyone was filled with fear. "This must be stopped," they said; "we must punish those who go to the foreigners." Then came the time when the Miao returned to their homes only to find their goats and cattle stolen, their homes burnt and terror everywhere. Some were beaten, others chained up as prisoners for weeks at a time and cruelly tortured, but, so full of joy were they, that they suffered gladly. However, this sort of thing could not continue; at any time there might be a wholesale massacre of the Miao. What could be done? There was nothing else for it but to go into the danger-zone and face the enemy. So one day Sam Pollard with two Chinese Christians and coolies set off to the rescue. Many were the adventures he had as, carrying his life in his hands and doing so with unflinching courage, Pollard entered castle after castle to interview hostile landlords. Many were the joys he experienced as he talked with the faithful and loyal Miao, and as he returned there was gratitude in his heart to the One who was "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that he could ask or think," because for the time at least peace was restored.

Though the enemy was quietened, there was abundant evidence from time to time that he was still watching what was taking place. All kinds of injustices were done to the Miao on the slightest pretext. Once owing to slight trouble over some rent, two Miao were taken, put in chains, and most cruelly tortured, while others stole their

sheep and horses. Meanwhile news was brought to Chaotong, and immediately Mr. Pollard, Mr. Parsons, and another missionary, went to the rescue. They arrived in the Earth Eye's courtyard to find the prisoners still bruised and bleeding. After much discussion, a settlement was made, the prisoners released, and the stolen goods returned. Thinking all danger was over, late that night they settled down to sleep. But while they slept, armed men surrounded them resolved to burn the village and in the confusion kill the missionaries. Stealthily they set fire to a house near where the missionaries were sleeping. Suddenly the warning cry of fire came, and in a few minutes the three were dressed and outside. Then began the terrible fight with the flames. Again and again they rushed and tore away the burning timber and again and again the fire spread. At length the victory over the flames was gained, and the armed men, wondering at the flame-fighting, fearless foreigners, slunk away afraid.

Yet in spite of all the persecutions, in spite of beatings, chains and tortures, the army still came on their quest. Over the mountains and down through the valleys, across the plains and through the fields they came to hear the "glad tidings of great joy."

Expression.—(1) Free Drawing. (2) Mark in Nosu-land, Chaotong, and any other places mentioned, on the map. (3) Write out the story the first scouts would tell on their return home.



THIRD LESSON.

A Desperate Encounter with the Enemy.

*Based on Chap. 6 in "The Story of the Miao," and
Chap. 13 in "Tight Corners in China."*



For the Training Class.

GIVE a vivid description of the wonderful mass movement of the Miao, bringing out its effect upon : (1) The Miao ; (2) The Nosu and Chinese ; (3) The Missionaries ; (4) The Church at Home. Did the latter respond to the new responsibility?

Bible Reading : 2 Cor. xi. 24-30.

Golden Text : John xv. 12, 13.

Aim : To show the love and courage required of a true knight.

Supplemental Talk. Miao Village Life.

If possible, give the children some idea of the wonderfully beautiful scenery of Yunnan ; its snow-clad mountains and barren hills, its moorlands and wooded valleys. (The Yorkshire dales have been likened to Yunnan in miniature. A good idea can also be obtained from the pictures in "The Story of the Miao.") Picture a Miao village nestling at the foot of the hills, the little thatched cottages built largely of mud and containing two or three rooms possessing hardly any furniture. In one of these rooms the fowls, goats, and sometimes other animals, are kept at night. Imagine the daily life of these poor folk before the coming of the missionaries : the women out on the hillsides with the goats or cattle, working in the fields, gathering the flax, weaving it and making the cloaks, sometimes most exquisitely embroidered, worn by the

men ; the men working on their own or their lord's land, sometimes going off to the chase ; the children having no school, and while still very young taking charge of the cattle and goats on the mountains, perhaps being there alone all day, keeping on the watch for wolves. If they are not on the mountains, these children are busy all day feeding the fowls, carrying water, growing flax, then pulling the stalks and weaving it into thread to make their dresses. Before the coming of the missionary the children knew few games, and their lives were very lonely and hard. Many of the girls are slaves, and their lives are often very terrible. Their food is largely composed of oatmeal and maize, though they are fond of chunks of fat pork which are considered quite a delicacy.

Lesson Story. Stone Gateway.

Week after week the crowds continued to come to Chaotong, and Mr. Pollard felt that something must be done to help the people nearer to their homes. What would be one of the first things they would want? A meeting-place. So the first question to be faced was how to obtain some land. There was one Earth Eye, Mr. An, who was kind to his Miao tenants, and whom Mr. Pollard had visited before. On being approached by Mr. Pollard he promised to give a portion of land from his estate, on which to build a chapel. It took some time to settle upon a site, but eventually a plot was found among the hills at Stone Gateway. The place seemed ideal. The hills there were full of good coal which could be had for nothing ; there was a good water supply, fine clay for brick-making and stone for building. What else would they need before they could build the chapel? Money. What could Mr. Pollard do? He called all the Miao Christians together and told them the difficulties. Then the Miao showed how much they loved their Je-su : poor as they were they promised to bring so much money for every member of their family. They themselves would build their own chapel. How they sacrificed and scraped their money together, and with what joy they brought it to Mr. Pollard ! At the end of the year they had brought £100. Immediately they set to work on the

building of "God's Home." First some fir trees growing on a lovely hillside were bought and with difficulty brought to Stone Gateway. There were no bricks or tiles to be had, so a brick kiln had to be made. What a labour of love it all was! The hillside formed part of the back wall (through which the damp oozed!) the rest were made of mud. In the front wall were two windows—with more paper than glass in them, and a door; inside were forms. What a damp, ugly little chapel! Yet how beautiful in the eyes of the Miao! They had a "God's Home" of their very own. What rejoicings when it was finished! It was many months before the tiles were ready, and for the time being it was thatched with straw. The heavy rains poured in, the damp rolled down the back wall, but even that could not damp their joy.

A Typical Week-end.

All during Saturday afternoons and evenings over the hills the people came, twenty, thirty, and even forty miles, for the Sunday's worship. After the evening prayer-meeting fires were lighted on the mud floor of the chapel and their cooking was done, then rolling themselves in their wadded cloaks, they lay on the floor to sleep. By seven o'clock the next morning the place was full for the first service. How to pack a thousand or fifteen hundred people into a mud-chapel seating three hundred and fifty was a problem! The only thing to do was to have relays of services, and the people were divided into four lots: the married women and men and the unmarried women and men or boys and girls, as they were generally called. The forms were all taken out, and the first service was held for the married women. There they stood as close to each other as possible, their babies in their arms, while for an hour they sang and listened to what was said. Then they went out and the men came in, sometimes as many as six or seven hundred. The crush was tremendous! They stood at attention, their hands by their sides, and there they remained all the service. The preacher stood on a table with unsteady legs inside a railed-in enclosure. So the hours went by, and in the hearts of those people was a joy they had never known before.

Difficulties.

It was not always easy and plain sailing. Every day there were mountains of difficulties to be faced, problems to be solved, and sometimes heart-breaking disappointments. Though many of the Miao were faithful and loyal, there were others who could not give up some of their evil ways, and went back to their drinking. Then, again, there were all the difficulties of starting a school for the Miao boys and girls at Stone Gateway, and the building of a house for Mr. and Mrs. Pollard. All who were in trouble came to him, and their burdens became his. But with all the difficulties and disappointments there was a great glow of happiness in his heart.

Facing Death.

During all this time, when so many grew to love and honour the Teacher, there were others, Chinese and Nosu, who were only waiting for a favourable opportunity to take his life. Several attempts were made, but all failed, and in spite of warnings and presentiments he went on with his work. In the spring of 1907, however, came messenger after messenger with news of trouble. In some cases it was the persecution of the Miao Christians, in others that bands of men were joining together to kill the teacher. What would Pollard do when he heard the Miao were in trouble? It had always been his plan to go straight to the centre of the danger and try and win over the enemy, and this plan he adopted once more.

Not far from Chaotong was a tract of country containing many Miao villages. In some of these were men who had heard the "good news," and given their hearts to Je-su. This annoyed the other people and a persecution began. As time went on things grew worse, and it seemed as if a massacre of the Miao Christians was imminent. Sam Pollard went right into the enemy's camp and succeeded in quietening things down. While there, he heard of some Miao in a neighbouring village who wished to become Christians but dare not because of the threats of their Nosu landlords. So one beautiful spring day found Mr. Pollard and three Miao friends where these people lived. They were gladly welcomed, and held a crowded

service at night. Between nine and ten o'clock the sound of firing was heard, and their host (who unknown to them was in league with the enemy) told them that a Chinaman, who lived near, was ill, and the guns were to frighten the evil spirits away. In reality they were signals calling together the men who were plotting to kill Pollard.

At midnight all was quiet and the four men asleep, when suddenly they were awakened by the barking of dogs. Thinking it must be thieves they roused themselves and waited. All at once a great flash of lights shone in through the cracks of the hut. There was no mistaking what it was, they were surrounded and captured! The next moment the door was flung open, and by the light of many torches could be seen a band of fierce men armed with guns, spears, swords and clubs. There was no possible chance of escape, so putting on his cloak Pollard went out to the men. Then he realized he was face to face not only with capture but with death, and probably a cruel one. There was one man who had a long sword such as executioners use in China, and he kept very near. Two of his Miao friends were taken and cruelly beaten in front of him, and all he could do was to cry out in protest. Then the band moved on, and as they went Pollard thought of his wife and boys in England and prayed for help, meanwhile keeping his wits about him for a chance of escape. There was a little confusion as they reached a bankside with a stream running at the bottom, and Pollard grasped the opportunity as a chance to get away. Jumping wildly he landed in the stream and ran for his life, hoping he could get away in the darkness. The next moment there was a general hue and cry, under cover of which the three Miao Christians managed to escape. Pollard did not get many yards, however, before once more he was surrounded, this time on a sandbank in the middle of the stream. The next thing he knew was the crash of a huge club on his ribs and he was lying helpless on the sand. This was followed, before he could rise, by the thud of a great iron weapon, and after that blow followed blow. Then he felt sure that he was really going to see the King, and only wished that a blow would strike some vital part and end it all.

Rescued.

Just as he was lying there, and everything seemed over, there came a sudden and wonderful change. A man clothed in a sheepskin jacket stood forth from the crowd. The next minute he knelt down beside Pollard and, putting his arms round him, laid his body between him and the blows. There was a sudden silence as his voice rang out, "No more beating! No more beating!" Then, after a moment or two, three men stepped forward and carried the bruised and bleeding body to a tree, where stood the three leaders of the band. The armed guard lined up and the trial began. Exhausted as he was, Pollard pleaded for his life, and a long discussion followed. At length they gave the verdict: he was to be allowed to go free, as long as he never returned to the district: if he did so they would kill him without hesitation, and if he took any action against them they would massacre all the Miao in the neighbouring villages. Then carrying him back to the hut of a Miao they left him. Slowly the hours dragged by till help came in the form of Dr. Savin from Chaotong, and as gently as possible he was carried in a litter back to the hospital. Then commenced another fight with death, as that brave, undaunted spirit wrestled with pain and sickness. It was his indomitable courage and the skill of Dr. Savin, coupled with the prayers of hundreds of Miao, that once more made him victorious. Many weeks went by, however, before he could leave his room, during which time the hospital was besieged by loving and anxious Miao. What would Mr. Pollard want to do when he was better? What might it mean if he went on with his work among the Miao? Yet, in spite of "Perils of waters, perils of robbers . . . perils by the heathen, perils of the city . . . of weariness and painfulness . . . of hunger and thirst, of fastings often and of cold," he went back to the people he loved and for whom he would gladly have given his life.

Expression.—(1) Free Drawing. (2) In what ways did Mr. Pollard show his love for the Miao? (3) Mr. Pollard has been likened to St. Paul; in what ways would you say the two were alike?

FOURTH LESSON.

“How the Knight Won His Crown.”

Based on Chaps. 10, 12 and 13 in "The Story of the Miao."



For the Training Class.

THERE is a tremendous amount of material to be dealt with even if the teacher takes very briefly the last few years of Mr. Pollard's life. Where, however, there has been no Study Circle, the Leader should devote some of the Training Class to giving the teachers an outline of our present work in Yunnan (see Annual Missionary Report, and "Our Opportunity in Yunnan"). The briefest survey will show the crying need for more workers, and here lies a golden opportunity to face up to the question of "How can we help?" In the Graded School the teachers in the Junior Training Class will only be from seventeen to about twenty-three years old, and the younger ones will be at the age when they are thinking about their life's work. Who knows whether through the appeal of these lessons and the earnest prayers of the Leader, some might hear and respond to the call to go as Knights of the Cross to Yunnan! Apart from this, there are many ways in which they can all help. A Missionary Study Circle might be formed, Missionary Work Parties arranged, a Missionary Prayer League commenced or an effort to raise money to send to Yunnan inaugurated. There should be some definite form of "expression" for the teachers as well as the scholars after such a series of lessons as these.

Bible Reading: Isaiah xxxv.

Golden Text: 2 Tim. iv. 7.

Aim: To show the price paid and the reward gained by a Knight of the Cross.

Supplemental Talk. Yunnan as it is to-day (to be given after the lesson).

In a pictorial way tell of the work going on in Yunnan to-day, and of the need for more workers. Then discuss with the children definite ways in which they can help and show their love for the Miao boys and girls. It is not enough to take a collection (the money for which has cost the children nothing) and give it in to the Missionary Treasurer for the General Fund. The skilful Leader can always manage it so that the children will suggest bringing their own pennies (the poorest children have money given them for sweets and the cinema, and the self-denial will be good for them) and with them buying something tangible to send out to Yunnan, Bible pictures (with canvas backs), slates, writing pads, crayons, coloured chalks, games, etc., will all be welcomed. The School might also undertake to maintain a bed in Chaotong hospital or a student at College. Wherever possible, Missionary Play Hours and Work Parties should be started, when the children can actually do and make something to send out. Helpful suggestions for the latter can be obtained from the two pamphlets published by the Sunday School Union on "Missionary Play Hours" and "Missionary Work Parties." Suggestions for garments, etc., needed in Yunnan can also be had from Rev. C. Stedeford, 13 Silverbirch Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

Lesson Story. England.

Soon after the adventures in our last story, Pollard came to England for a holiday and to see his loved ones at home. His wife and four boys had been in England for some time, and he yearned to see them again. During the months he was here he spent much of his time going amongst the churches telling the wonderful story of the Miao, and pleading for workers to go back with him. The months slipped by very quickly and soon the time came when once more he had to say good-bye to his boys and loved ones and return to "his children" in Yunnan. But he did not go alone, for with him went a young man bubbling over with life and laughter, and with a burning

desire to serve his King in Yunnan, Mr. W. H. Hudspeth : one who was to become very dear to Pollard, and share with him the joys and sorrows, the dangers and disappointments of work among the Miao. What a welcome awaited him on his arrival ! How eagerly they thronged round the one they loved ! Everywhere he went it was the same and his heart sang for joy. And as he went from village to village, from one little chapel to another, his thoughts went back to a few years before when these people were living in misery and darkness. What a change had taken place. The very people themselves were different. Then they were downtrodden, looked down upon by the Nosu and miserable, now their faces were radiant, and in some places the proud, cold Nosu were asking them to tell them the story of the "good news." That was one thing above everything else that gladdened Pollard's heart, the Nosu were anxious and yearning to hear about Je-su. But who was to teach them ? There were so many longing to hear, and so very, very few to tell them.

Flowers of God's Heart.

Amongst those most glad to welcome back the teacher were the boys and girls, "flowers of God's heart," as Pollard called them. Now some of them had schools to go to and learnt lessons and played games as English boys and girls do, and it was the Teacher who had brought it all and made them so happy. Now, as they took the cattle and goats on the hillsides they were never lonely, for could not they sing and play and think of the stories they had heard ? They would go for miles over the hills to meet the Teacher if he was coming to their village, or cluster round him as he talked in their homes. All day they would stay close beside him, and when night-time came, and he lay down on the hard boards or mud floor wrapped in his wadded quilt to sleep, the children, drawing their rags round them, would snuggle as close as they could and go to sleep too. What games he had with them ! What stories to tell ! And they would come and, putting their arms round his neck, tell him their secrets.

The Miao New Testament.

There was one great task that Pollard had set his heart on doing, and soon after his return from England he started to work on it in earnest : that was to give the Miao the whole of the New Testament in their own tongue. The Miao had no written language, and the great problem was to invent signs to express the Miao sounds. Fancy having to invent writing for a strange tongue ! What a labour of love it was, as Pollard, ably assisted by John and James, two native teachers, worked at it week by week. Sometimes for days they could not find Miao words which expressed the meaning they wanted. The Miao never remembered a time when they had a kingdom of their own, and when "Thy Kingdom come" had to be translated they were in a difficulty. Eventually the Miao version read "Thy Heavenly Home come." For years during every minute he could spare, Pollard worked on his translation, but it was not for him to see it completed.

How He Saw the King.

One of the biggest problems that faced Pollard and his fellow workers was, how to cope with all the sickness and disease. Only one hospital for all those people ! When typhoid or small-pox broke out in the villages there was often no one to look after the people and they had sometimes to be left to die.

The strain of the work was very heavy. The war broke out and was an added burden, and in the beginning of 1915 Pollard was so tired and ill he wondered how much longer he could stand the strain. Mrs. Pollard urged him to rest or return with her to England, but his heart was in Yunnan, and he could not tear himself away. Weak and weary as he was, he worked away at his New Testament. At last there were only a few chapters to complete the whole, and he longed to see it done. Just as it was nearing completion, typhoid broke out in the school at Stone Gateway amongst the boys. Immediately Mr. Hudspeth volunteered to nurse them, but within a few days took the dread disease as well. Then weary and tired as he was, Pollard took charge of his sick room.

Day after day he tended and cared for his friend as he lay fighting with death, and only just saw him gain the victory when he too fell ill. For a week he lay fighting bravely, and then with a smile of farewell fell asleep to waken in the Presence of the King. As he lived so he died, giving his life for others. Three days after, loving hands carried the body from which that brave, undaunted spirit had flown, and laid it to rest among the hills that he loved, while thousands mourned for the friend they had lost.

His friend and companion gone, Mr. Hudspeth took up the work of the translation, and before long the task was done. Now, as those Miao lovingly finger their precious copies of the New Testament, they think of the one to whom they owe so much. And often as they gather round the fire or tramp the hillsides they talk of the frail little man with the big heart who gave his life that they might live.

Expression.—(1) Write a suitable inscription for Sam Pollard's grave. (2) In what ways did Sam Pollard show himself to be a true knight?



UNITED METHODIST CHURCH, COMPARATIVE GEOGRAPHY.

East Coast, England - South West China District.

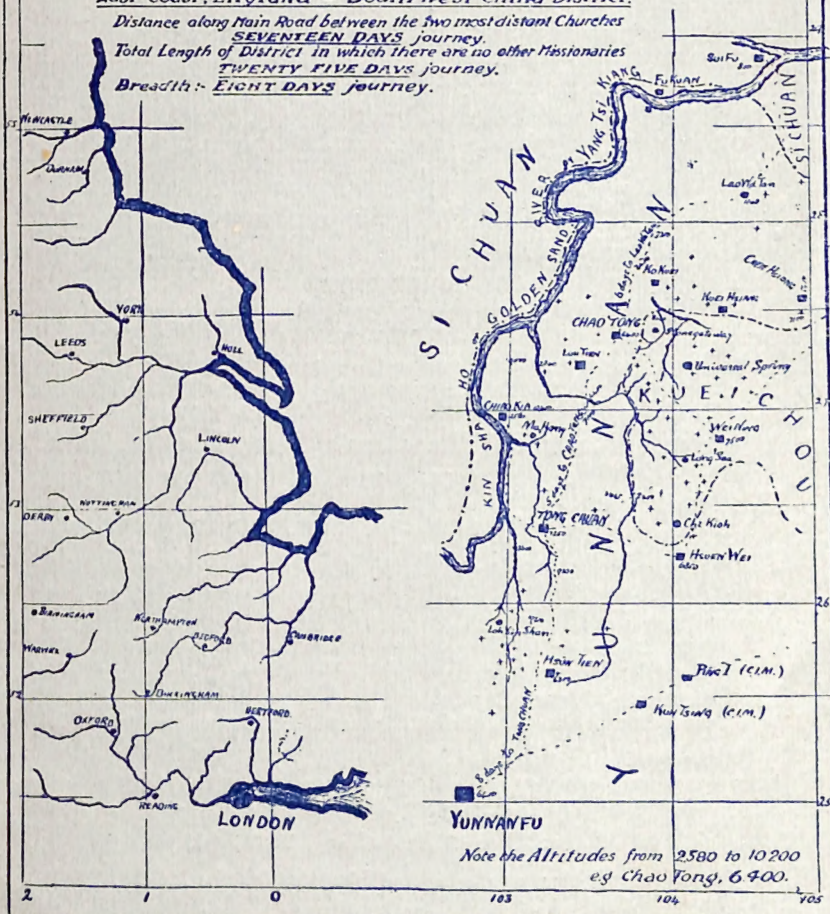
Distance along Main Road between the two most distant Churches

SEVENTEEN DAYS journey.

Total Length of District in which there are no other Missionaries

TWENTY FIVE DAYS journey.

Breadth - **EIGHT DAYS** journey.



We are indebted to the sagacity of the Rev. Alfred Evans for this suggestive map. Everyone knows what England means on its east coast from Newcastle to London, say, 300 miles. There are an arch-bishopric, many bishoprics, and churches, Episcopalian and Free, by the thousands. The number of clergymen and ministers it would be difficult to compute! Yet, in a like area shown on the right side of this map, where United Methodism is practically alone, a handful of Europeans must bear the crushing burden of planting and training a native Church.

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